

**INSIDE  
NEWS**

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20c

THE LOWDOWN AROUND THE WORLD

# Whispering Sex Maniac Is Nabbed

***Pushed Dope In  
Ballpoint Pens***

**Cheating Wife Fried  
In Electric Bed**

***Bodysnatchers Hold  
Corpses For Ransom***



# Housewives Become Parttime Hookers At Racetracks

*They peddle their bodies when they lose their money on the nags*



Police nabbed Carol Warwick in raid on motel men's track.



Every day at the race tracks, more and more desperate housewives are turning to parttime prostitution to get back money they lost playing the horses.

So says Carol Warwick, 35, who says she is a shapely 25-year-old housewife from Long Island who was hustled last week by vice-squad detectives.

They charge she was peddling her body at a motel near a local track.

"This has been going on for a long time," said Carol indignantly.

"All my friends do it—if they didn't, they'd get killed by their husbands for losing all their household money on the nags."

Carol explained that most of the girls start out just betting for fun. They don't bet every race and they only put up \$2 on the occasional race they do bet.

That doesn't last long, Carol said.

Soon the gambling fever

hits them and they can't help thinking they can make a bundle on the daily double or that long-shot in the fifth race.

Carol said she herself and most of her friends often have blown all their clothes money, grocery money and even the rent money on ponies who usually came in out of the money.

The girls are then too scared to go home broke and face their husbands.

So they decide to sell the only thing they have that anybody will pay for—their bodies.

Usually, the stony-broke housewife will go and hang around the \$50 payoff windows.

Somewhere, everytime a big winner steps up to collect his pile of fifties, the house-

wives has to fix her garter. That lets the big sport get a large eyeful of bare thigh above the lady's stocking top.

Feeling good about his big win, the sport usually is in the mood for a little flesh party. Before you can say "off with the panties!" he and the scared housewife are headed for the nearest motel.

"All a girl has to do is turn one or two tricks a day with those boys," said one housewife hustler. "And she can usually make enough money to keep her hubby from knowing about her track losses."

But with the arrest of Carol, things have taken a turn for the worse for these parttime prostitutes. The track cops have cracked down on Carol's sisters in sin and it's an odds-on bet there won't be any more hustling at the tracks for a long time.

## Now They're Passing Dope In Ballpoint Pens...

The time was 6:00 p.m. on a hot summer evening. Standing on a street corner in the crowded, melting-pot district of the city were two men. They seemed to be talking casually to each other.

At one point one of the men took a slip of paper from his pocket, then reached inside his jacket, as if to take out a pen. Apparently he'd forgotten it, so the other man handed him one.

The first fellow wrote an address on the paper and handed it to the other man. Then he put the pen into his own pocket.

The whole scene appeared innocent—but it wasn't.

Pope had been passed. A pusher had passed a "fix" to an addict. The ballpoint pen that he'd let the other man "twipe" could be used not only for getting words off one's chest, but to get the monkey off one's back as well.

In recent years there have been continuous drives against narcotics peddlers.

But the traffic continues. Passing it in pens is the newest twist. And ball-point

pens are perfect for the job. They're cheap and a slight alteration converts them into cocaine or "H" carriers.

"They clip off the ink cartridge about an inch from the point. Then a cylindrical package holding deca-powder is slipped into the barrel. This package is long enough and sturdy enough so that the push button mechanism that shoves the pen point in and out will function."

A story making the rounds says a cop who ran down a hop-head in a speeding car used the fellow's pen to write out the ticket—never realizing it was loaded.

This is the first time the gimmick has been exposed in

print. We hope that it will tip off enough officials throughout the country so that this new method of "pushing the stuff" will soon become unfeasible.

Such is the power of the pen—for good or evil.

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Inside ball point pen is just enough dope for a fix

# Congolese Massacre Four White Men

## After they slept with the chief's daughters



Chief and mercenaries were friends before massacre.

Four white mercenaries had it made in the Congolese village where they were hiding out, until they got drunk and raped the chief's two young daughters.

That got them killed, the angry natives seized them and cut them up into hamburger.

But until they got the urge to merge with a maid, the soldiers — Don Wilson, an American; Percy Browne, an Englishman; Pierre Dijon, a

Frenchman; and Hans Zeiger, a German — were the pets of the village of Itubi.

They got cut off from their company of fight-for-pay mercenaries a month ago when the Congolese government troops caught the outfit with their pants down and

almost wiped out the entire patrol.

The four got away and fled to Itubi, nearly 50 miles from the battlefield. The natives were willing to give them shelter and the white men moved in.

All the natives liked the whites at first, since the soldiers were trying hard to please.

They flattered the chief and taught him how to shoot a pistol. They gave all the other men tobacco. Above all they observed the No. 1 rule for getting along in a stranger's town—keep your hands off the women.

But things started getting nasty last Thursday afternoon when the natives took

the tops off a few barrels of their home made brew.

That drink makes Mexican tequila look like soda pop and the mercenaries hadn't had a shot of liquor in a long time.

The drunker the white men got the less they could keep their eyes off the chief's two young daughters.

The girls had big breasts that had never known a bra, and the thin grass skirts they wore barely covered the situation.

The rest of their black beauty was out there for the mercenaries to oggle. A couple more blasts of the brew and the white men were pinching bottoms and letting their hands caress the same naked flesh that their eyes had feasted on.

This brought giggles from the girls, but they still didn't really want to play house

with the soldiers. And they said so.

But the white men had a big yen and they didn't feel like forgetting it.

They lured the two chief's daughters into their big hut and suddenly threw them to the ground.

While one mercenary held a shirt on the girls' mouths to keep them from screaming, the other three took turns raping the princesses.

Then the drunken soldiers, not knowing they'd signed their death warrants, released the girls and staggered off to bed.

The natives came for them half an hour later.

Each man was awakened by the fiery pain of a machete leaving a trail of blood across his chest. Before the man could scream, a native was hacking off his sex glands.

That brought shrieks of anguish to the throats of the white men. But the natives paid no attention to their victims' cries.

One man had his guts cut from his abdomen. Another was impaled on a spear to wriggle until death freed him from pain.

Still another had his heart ripped from his body.

They all died hard, but they all died. Then the natives called in the authorities to come and get the corpses of the four mercenaries who had repaid friendship with rape.



After finding out white mercenaries raped his daughters chief ordered execution.



Mutilated bodies of mercenaries lie on ground in Congolese Village—They raped chief's daughters—they were killed.



One year old Meloni Rhode can't tell about the horror that she lived through. She watched while her mother was brutally attacked and murdered.

All over the naked woman's body were ugly wounds—bloody ugly wounds.

She lay on her back in a clearing of the woods, her long-glassed eyes knotted so tight it cut staring blankly at the branches overhead.

Around her neck, one of her own nylons had been

was alive with small wounds, whose edges seemed like the tips of a pointing mouth.

The once-red blood that had flowed from the woman's wounds had now clotted and turned almost black.

The cops who stood staring at the woman's face had turned black.

Below it, her naked flesh

## Side Show Freak Says: I'm Armless, Legless, Loveless And I'm Looking For A Man



Claudia Bishop is wealthy and she's looking for a husband. But he'll have to be very tolerant—Claudia has no arms and no legs.

Furthermore, the woman who made a fortune as a circus sideshow attraction, wants a man who will look upon her as a woman, not a freak.

"I'm armless, legless and loveless," she said in an ad that ran in California papers, "and I'm looking for a man."

All her life Claudia has been a freak who got paid to be stared at. You've probably seen her yourself if you're a circus buff. Claudia

has traveled all over the world with circuses.

Claudia looks much like a dressmaker dummy standing on its pedestal.

But Claudia got tired of the life under the big top and retired two years ago.

She's got enough money tucked away to make sure neither she nor the husband she wants to marry ever have to work.

She told reporters who interviewed her after the ads appeared that she's more than willing to share her fortune with a man who will make her feel like a woman.

Claudia wants to live as normal a life as possible, she said. "And

life isn't normal if it doesn't include love."

A reporter asked her if she would be a wife in fact or a wife "in name only."

She smiled and answered: "In fact. Definitely in fact. The only things about me that are missing are my arms and legs. In all other ways I'm a real woman."

Asked if she'd had any replies, Claudia said a few men had answered her. But she felt all of them were too much hung up on her freakishness.

She's not discouraged, though. The lady who is armless, legless and loveless will go right on looking for a man.

## Mother raped While child watched

by brutal fashion before she'd been slain.

Blue flies buzzed all around the slightly-bloated corpse.

The big, blue flies buzzed, too, around the dirt-and-tear stained face of the baby girl who sat in her carriage looking down upon the corpse of her mother.

Twigs and leaves had fallen into the carriage and the baby's clothes were filthy and stinking. In front of her was the wrapper from a package of cookies and bits of crumbs clung to her dress and filthy hands.

The grim cops knew from the condition of the body that the woman had been stripped, raped and murdered while her baby daughter looked on.

Then the baby had been left unattended for at least 30 hours.

Three women in the West German town had complained of being molested by a young man who wore big rimmed glasses, blue shorts and a checkered shirt.

With the discovery of the body of Martha Rhode, 28, and her abandoned child, Melanie, one year old, the cops redoubled their efforts

to find the youth.

They missed Gunter Lang, 15, three days after the crime. He immediately confessed and gave this account:

He had spotted Martha pushing the baby and followed for some blocks. When she passed the wooded space he seized her at knife-point and dragged her 100 yards into the woods.

There he cut most of her clothes away and ordered her to strip off the rest. She begged him not to kill her and not to leave the baby unattended on the street.

Gunter tied the naked woman to a tree with her nylon and went and got the carriage. After he'd parked it in the clearing he cut Martha free and savagely raped her.

Then he knotted her stockings and choked her unconscious. Finally, he took his knife and plunged it into her body at least three dozen times.

He walked away, leaving the baby to her fate. But before he left, he wore upon a package of cookies and fed them to the child.

15-year-old Gunter is awaiting trial on charges of rape and murder.

## 15 Year Old Boy



Martha Rhode—she was dragged into woods and assaulted



15 year old Gunter Lang charged with rape & murder.



## Get Castrated And Live Longer . . .

The average lifespan has increased since they'll live longer if they quit puffing and puffing on a cigarette.

Now the average man's life expectancy is 75. If he does it with those glands he'd live longer. The glands are the prostate, the testes, and the penis. The glands are the prostate, the testes, and the penis. The glands are the prostate, the testes, and the penis.

—for some unknown reason—surgery also seems to make him more prone to infarction, coronary artery and heart attacks.

Dr. Hinchey had one warning, though: The men in the study were all single-minded; they probably didn't realize what caution meant to them.

A normal man, he admitted, might be much healthier psychologically than a castrated one. He might, in fact, be much more of a man.

Another doctor put the matter of his or her penis in a different light. "It's important and you all know it," he said. "But the price is too high."

Breathe on this pic for one minute — if the gals mow you've got it. B. B. (not breath)...





# How VC Girls Force GI's To Desert

## *They use sex instead of bullets*

Some soldiers may not know it yet, but every time a GI walks into a Saigon bar he's in danger from the Vietcong.

Not because a guerrilla may throw a grenade into the bar.

And not because one of the delicate little blue-eyed bar girls might give him VD.

If the sexy curvy-hipped girl is really a VC agent, she'll try to use her body to make the soldier desert.

The girls have already persuaded hundreds of Americans to go over the hill. Eventually through the girls' Vietcong contacts the deserter winds up in Sweden, where Swedish law protects him from extradition.

Former Pvt. Edward Wall returned to the U.S. from Sweden last month and gave the show away.

The girls, he reported, concentrate on combat veterans.

Once a VC girl has latched onto an infantryman on leave, nothing is too good for him.

The man who has been living for weeks in the shadow of sudden, violent death finds that the gal can't do enough for him.

She lights his cigarettes, she feeds him liquor and promises him everything.

When the soldier makes his proposition, the girl



address to deliver.

And deliver she does.

The GI will spend the next couple of days in bed, Wall reported. And he won't be sleeping alone. The pretty, soft-spoken girl will be in his room.

About the second day, when they're resting between rounds, the girl will casual-

ly say it's a dirty shame he has to go back to his outfit at the front and get killed.

He's been thinking exactly the same thing and if he shows the slightest interest in desertion, the girl will tell him she can arrange it.

She can too, Wall said.

The GI will be taken in a closed taxi to an unidentified

Vietcong prostitutes like these lured G.I.'s over the hill.

house. The next thing he knows he's at an airport in North Vietnam and from there he's soon on his way to Moscow.

The Russians ship the deserter on to Sweden and the ex-GI finds himself in a hell of a spot. He can never re-

turn home without facing a long prison term for going over the hill.

And he'll have lots of time to realize that the little girl with the soft, sexy ways has hurt him with sex almost as much as any Vietcong could with a bullet.

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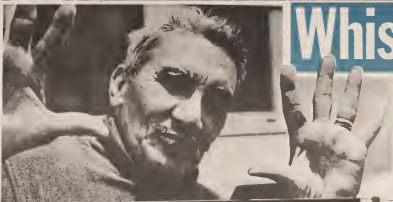
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Killer holds up fingers of both hands to show number of victims.

Strangler Franco Martinelli got his kicks whispering into ears of women he was about to murder and rape.

The cops finally nabbed The Whispering Strangler last week, but for 10 girls and young women it was too late.

The last thing the victims heard was their killer whispering into their ears.

The strangler, Franco Martinelli, told the cops he got a big sexual bang out of speaking very softly into the ears of women he intended to murder.

He said shrinkers haven't figured that one out yet, al-

pared. Martinelli replied it was anything that came to his mind.

For one woman he killed, the soft message was:

"You're going to die."

Martinelli said the woman—Gina Verdi—didn't move or didn't try to scream as he strangled her behind her, threw his arms around her waist and whispered those words.

He said she just stood still like a statue while his strong hands traveled upward to her throat and then throttled the life out of her.

Martinelli said that when her body had stopped jerking and twisting and her heels had stopped drumming against his own ankles, he dragged her corpse to a dark alley and raped her.

That confirmed a chilling angle that medical officers had insisted was true every time a woman was found strangled and raped:

The victim had been raped after she was slain, not before.

That made The Whispering Strangler not only a necrophile (a man who gets his kicks from making love to a dead woman) but one who also supplied his own corpses.

Martinelli blandly admitted that was the way he liked his sex—from a woman just dead by his own hand.

The first girl Martinelli killed was Anna Bruno of Milan.

Martinelli confessed that he had slipped up behind Anna in a park as he did all of his victims. In Anna's case, he suddenly planted his knee in the small of her back and bent her backward as his hands closed on her throat.



Anna Bruno was first victim of whispering sex maniac.

He whispered obscenities into Anna's ear. And she said—oddly enough in a case, he suddenly planted his knee in the small of her back and bent her backward as his hands closed on her throat.



Barbara Torre, 14, shown above with her mother would have been 11th victim but she got away and called cops.

he paid no attention to her anguished plea, but choked Anna to death and then raped her.

That set the pattern and in the next year the sex maniac killed nine more females, including a girl of 10. Every city in North Italy had at least one victim.

But last week Martinelli crept up on 14-year-old Barbara Torre, grabbed her and whispered:

"Get you."

He was so wrong. Barbara twisted violently and somehow broke free.

She screamed and ran into the nearest house, yelling for help.

That brought the cops on the double and they had Martinelli captured before he could get out of the narrow street where he had tried to rape Barbara.

He goes on trial next month and shortly after that The Whispering Strangler will probably stand on a gallows.

Perhaps as the noose is passed over his head, the rope will seem to whisper into his ear: "Goodbye."

## Raises 2 Boys like Her Sons ... Marries Both



Had Babies By Both Boys

Mary Lou liked young men. Married two she had adopted.

Mary Lou Joyce, a Blue Ridge Mountain blonde, raised two young brothers—Clyde and Homer Jack-

sons—as her own sons . . .

Then married them both, one after the other, and bore them both sons of their own.

Could be that Mary Lou, now 45 — just like 'em young.

For she married Clyde, who'd been calling her 'Mom' since his eighth birthday, when he was 17. And after he divorced her, she traipsed to the altar with his brother, Homer, when he was only 16.

The tangled matrimonial affairs of Mary Lou and her sons who became lovers and husbands began when she married Vince Jackson, father of the two boys; when Clyde was 8, and Homer 4.

Mary Lou took good care of the youngsters, just like a real Mom. She nursed them through childhood illnesses; bathed and dressed them; helped them with their homework; told them bedtime

stories; and tucked them in at night.

But when Clyde turned 17 — and handsome — Mary Lou, then 40, has told intimates — "Suddenly I realized I wasn't thinking of him as my son any more. I was crazy in love with him and I had to tell him. He took me in his arms and kissed me—but not the way a boy might kiss his mom—and told her he was in love with me, too.

That same night Mary Lou and Clyde evicted a bus and took off for the 'Big Town' (by Deer South standards). They not married, had two sons and lived happily—not forever after — but at least until brother Homer, now 16, made the scene and became a member of their family.

Clyde, a civilian employee at a nearby military base, had to go to work every day.

That left Mary Lou and Homer together a lot, all by themselves. And, as Mary Lou has said, "I guess it just had to happen."

At any odds, Clyde came home unexpectedly one day and surprised Mary Lou and his 16-year-old brother Homer in a passionate clasp which bore no resemblance to an exchange of affection between a boy and his Mom.

And so Mary Lou married Homer the day she was divorced by Clyde. And one year later, she presented Homer with an eight-pound baby boy. At this writing the two are loving happily ever after—but time is marching on and Homer, who's almost 18 now, may be getting just a little too old for Mary Lou, the 45-year-old doll who likes 'em young.

As for Clyde, he'll probably go down in history as the only man who ever stole a wife from his own father and then lost her to his brother.



Clyde and Homer Jackson both shored bedroom with mom.



How would you pirates like to find a treasure chest like this? It belongs to model Greta Braun









# HER HUBBY HAD 149 OTHER WIVES & SHE

## ↓ DIDN'T KNOW IT..



Bigomist—Sorit Thanarat

### *He died trying to keep them all happy...*

The wife of the late prime minister of Thailand, Marshall Sorit Thanarat, has just received a shock. Her husband had kept 149 other women and she didn't know about it.

Thanarat, a man with an insatiable appetite for women, had married 136 of them. And now they all are claiming part of his vast estate.

But his favorite wife, Madam Vichitra, had no idea that her husband had maintained what was probably the largest harem in the world until lawyers told her she would have to share his estate with his 149 other wives.

Keeping 150 beautiful females satisfied is a man-sized job, but apparently it was no problem for the late prime minister. He was known to spend a part of every day with at least five of his wives without neglecting Madam Vichitra when he returned home at night.

Thanarat admitted privately that he had more of a problem keeping track of all the women he married.

By the time he died at 85 years of age, he had divided all his women into three categories to help keep check on them.

In the first category there were 28 women including the voluptuous Madam Vichitra. They were all knockouts, well schooled in the wifely arts and by Thai standards—where wives are bought—expensive.

The aged prime minister was known to visit them once a week, and in return for the pleasure of their company he gave each a classified limousine, a villa staffed with servants and a sumptuous allowance.

In the second category were the wives who cost less to buy. Although beautiful even by American standards, Thanarat only visited them when he was bored with his favorite wives. Thanarat kept them in small houses and within walking distance to save time on his daily visits.

Finally, in the third category were those women whom he had tired of or who had displeased him. He rarely saw them and kept them in small apartments on a share-alike basis.

On his deathbed it was Madam Vichitra he called for. "You will never know," he said, "how much I preferred you." And now, however, he preferred her to 149 other women.



Wife No. 27 was Runi...



Moto came after her...



Nant in famous Telo...



Last but not least was Than



Madam Vichitra—the favorite wife.



Another favorite of this modern "Casanova" was curvy Sumo who was the fittest of them all.









Mrs. Franco Dapra—she was crucified by her husband.

Franco Dapra was a renegade priest. And last Monday he went even further in mocking the religion he had once served—he crucified his wife.

Dapra told authorities his wife, Gilda, was a sinner and deserved to die.

Up until a year ago, Dapra, 26, was the parish priest in the little Italian town of Terra Betetti.

Then Gilda Murachi, 44, came to town and the priest suddenly became a changed man.

The youth who had taken a vow of chastity apparently flipped over the mature woman's sexy body and the forbidden delights she promised.

He hired her as his "housekeeper." Before long, village gossip was saying that the priest and Gilda were playing house.

When the rumors reached

the Bishop he gave Dapra an ultimatum:

Give up his housekeeper or give up the church.

Dapra gave up his religion. He and Gilda got married and took up legal housekeeping in a squalid little apartment behind a grocery store that Dapra tried to run.

But he didn't make much money—the villagers wouldn't trade with a renegade priest.

After a year, Dapra had had enough. His love had turned to bitterness and he believed that Gilda had ruined his life.

He decided that in "seducing" him, a priest, Gilda had committed the unforgivable sin.

Dapra decided, too, that the only fit punishment was crucifixion.

The cops aren't sure exactly how Gilda died. An autopsy hinted that she might have been suffocated before Dapra nailed her to her cross.

Finally he went to the cops and told them what he had done.

When the police went to Dapra's apartment, the horrified officers found that the rugless floor was a river of blood, some of it already cooled. The renegade priest who had crucified his wife as a sinner, had sat with her corpse for many hours.

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## Because she was a sinner



Police photo shows wife of ex-priest nailed on cross.

Ex-priest Franco Dapra—he crucified his wife.

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